THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. VOL. XXVII. | MARCH, 1875. | NEW SERIES. VOL. IV. No. 3.

CHARLIE AND BUFF.

For The Dayspring.

"OUR FAIR."

BY C. DORA NICKERSON.

OWN went the dinner-pails on the floor with a ringing bump, which set the pie to quarrelling with the bread and butter inside; the water-proofs, shawls, and scarfs went on the hooks with a jerk, and the hats quivered and swung for half an hour after the girls had gone into the school-room.

Something new was in agitation among them. When you see girls march straight through their business like that, and not even stop to look at a new calico dress, book-strap, nor ruffled apron that never has been inside of that entry before, you may be sure that something new and important is under the shaking curls and flying ribbons.

Roger Pettis was rather stupid about getting an idea when he was inside the school-house; but he hit the nail on the head when he called out to Arthur Elwin just as the last overskirt had whipped through the inside school-room door, —

"Something is in the wind now, you bet, Arth. They're terrible breezy this morning, and awful kind of secrety. I more'n half think it's a new plan for some kind of a time for Christmas."

"Golly! I hope it's a turkey dinner," responded Sammy Sturvey, waddling up to the step.

"That's what will interest you, isn't it, Stuffy?" laughed Arthur.

Just here the window over their heads went down with a bang.

"Hear that? 'fraid we'll listen, I suppose. I never thought as we could, but they have put me in mind of it. Now I'll try it, see if I don't. Girls make a great fuss about keeping a secret. Have to get a whole room full to help them do it. There they are, locked in there, gabbing about it like fun. I'm a going to listen. We've both got sisters in there, and I don't know but we ought to look out for them in that way," advised Arthur, with a wise look.

Roger looked up slowly; the bait suited him. He was very glad to find an excuse to bite the hook, because it pleased him, just as we older ones like to have an excuse for biting bait that suits us. Even you little folks understand about such things, don't you? Roger understood it.

"I don't know but we ought, Arth. They are little girls, and I suppose it is our business to have a sort of lookout for them."

It sounded very plausible and very kind in him, so away the naughty little fellows went. They crept up the stairs as still as they could, and then walked on tiptoe to the door. One pressed his wicked ear up to the keyhole, and the other laid his head over the top where the ventilator was.

I called it a wicked ear, but I am not sure but I am judging him harshly, for they did not realize, as older folks ought, that to steal with the ear is as bad as stealing with the hand. I hope none of my readers ever allow themselves to do it, for it is a mean, disgraceful act; and the person who makes a practice of listening will gradually descend to other dishonest tricks.

The first words they heard were, —

"I've got the best plan that ever you heard of!"

"That's Molly Fitch!" whispered Arthur. "She's always full of plans. I hate planning girls."

"Hush!" whispered back Roger. "They'll hear you, if you don't whisper softly. Molly's

a good girl, if she did throw ink in your face."

Arthur winced, and put his ear back to the keyhole.

"You see," continued Molly, "that the poor-house down there isn't much like our house, and the folks down there don't live much like our folks. The town does as well by them as other towns do, I suppose; but you see, of course, our selectmen can't be expected to furnish extra nice dinners on Thanksgiving, the same as we have."

"She's standing on top the seat, and the rest of 'em are sitting down. She's putting out her hands and lecturing like," reported Arthur, from the keyhole.

"She'll be a Lucy Stone, or a Susan Anthony, when she gets bigger, like enough," groaned Roger, from the ventilator.

"What's that? Didn't somebody whisper?" asked Alice, inside.

"Very likely that Arthur Elwin, Roger Pettis, or Sam Small is hanging around the door or ventilators. They're the homeliest boys in school. They might as well finish up by being the meanest," put in Evie French, in a loud tone.

"Humph! and there sits your sister Lib, and my sister Flo, and don't say a word," groaned Arthur.

"Listeners can't expect to hear much good of themselves," put in Roger, stupidly, as his conscience began to work a little.

"Hark! there's Belle Lewis gets up to speak! Why, it's a regular Woman's Rights' meeting! I'll tell the teacher. They'll be fussing to vote next," pouted Arthur.

"I know what your plan is, you dear, darling Mollie. You want us to bring money to buy them some."

"No, I don't think there's much real charity in our taking our fathers' money and giving it away. I want to do something all ourselves. You know how much our mothers say they did for our poor soldiers in war times in their sewing-circles. Now what I want to know is, why can't we do some good for the alms-house folks in our circle? We have met every week since last spring, and have a whole basket of knick-knacks made, which we can sell to our mothers and friends."

"But they won't buy, I'm afraid."

"How funny it will seem to march up to our mothers and ask them to buy the very things they gave us the pieces to make!"

"But that isn't the way," laughed Molly. "Why don't some of you ask me what the plan is?"

"What is it?" chorused a dozen.

"Why, you dear little girls! why can't you think of it! We must have a FAIR."

"A FAIR!" shouted Lib, Sue, Belle, Alice, Lil, Mercy, Pearl, and a dozen others.

"Our Fair," it shall be called. And there was such a clapping of hands and such a chorus of gleeful laughs that Arthur could say in a loud tone to Roger, —

"You ought to see them. They look like a set of crazy cats. A regular woman's meeting! all hugging and kissing, and clapping and jumping, and" —

"Hush! Molly's talking again."

"Sister Lucy, mamma, and I talked it all over, and we have a month to make some more fancy articles. They think it will be a fine plan to make some shaving-cases, slipper-racks, brush-rests, comb-racks, collar and handkerchief boxes, and all such things, so our fathers, uncles, and brothers can buy. We have pin-cushions, aprons, hair-pin boxes, hair-receivers, and all such things now, for our mothers, sisters, and aunts to buy. We must have a circle every night after school at our different homes, in turn, and three weeks from to-night we will have the Fair, and that will leave a week to pay up the debts, and give the selectmen the money, and time to

buy the dinner. We must do all the work ourselves, or it will not be our gift. Our mothers can show us how, but we must do the work."

"Of course we will," piped Mary Holmes.

"But who ever in the world can get up our handbills?" asked Pearl Andrews, looking half scared to death at the breadth of the enterprise.

"Why, we can get Arthur and Roger to write them out; and if they get any thing very wrong, the printers can fix it," answered Molly, with a very business-like air.

"Whew! they manage like generals," whispered Roger, approvingly.

"They're equal to the temperance crusaders for starting things up!" whispered back Arthur, his vanity tickled as much as was Roger's.

"Then Wednesday the 18th will be the evening on which we must have the fair. Do you all agree?"

Every one rose to the feet; the teacher came slowly up the steps; Roger and Arthur crept out of the entry, resolving to keep the girls' secret, and to help them all in their power when the time came; for they felt a little mean at what they had done.

Well, the weeks went on just as the weeks will, whether Christmas is coming or not, and the girls were very busy, very sly, very much interested, and very happy. They asked but little help from their relatives, but bravely helped themselves, just as people will if they are in earnest. Roger and Arthur felt very pompous when they carried the handbills about for "Our Fair" (which they had prepared for printing), and the tickets sold like hot cakes, for everybody was very anxious to see what the little folks were doing.

The night of the fair came. The village hall was lighted, and when the doors came open, a little fairyland was inside. Cunning little tables were spread up and down the hall, filled with all sorts of cunning little articles manufactured by the charitable misses.

Altogether there was a fine display, which did great credit to the little planners.

Ten cents admission for all the school-children, and twenty-five for all the others, filled the hall full, and helped the money-box too; but the prettiest sight of all, I think, was the rows of rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes behind the tables, all eagerness to sell something nice. They would sell a slipper-rack or a dressing-case, and then whisper to the girls nearest, "So much more for the poor-house dinner!"

The other would nod back and show a crisp piece of scrip in her fat palm, and whisper, —

"So much toward the plums for the pudding;" and so they laughed and traded until nine o'clock came. The tables were then cleared, the money put in one box and given into Arthur's care. I must not forget to tell you of the nice little song, "Remember the Poor," which Molly, Allie, Evie, Lib, Pearl, and Florence sang, nor the nice declamations and recitations from the boys and girls which followed.

Anyhow, it was a very pleasant time for them all. And how much do you think they made "clear of all expenses"? Why, *Thirty Dollars!* Was not that doing pretty well for little chickens?

The selectmen thought so when the little girls walked into their office and gave the money.

The parents were justly proud of such thoughtful children, the teachers glad, and the overseer of the poor astonished; but, of all the interested, none derived more joy and comfort than the ten aged, crippled, and sorrowful town paupers, who sat down to the best Christmas dinner they had eaten since they ate the dinners of long ago in dear homes amid loving hearts and smiling faces.

The little girls could not resist the temptation which the invitation of the poor-house matron gave them; so down the hill, and over the town farm they ran, and walked softly through the sitting-room, and saw the table loaded with turkey, chickens, plum puddings, and pies, and surrounded by the oft-forgotten poor of the town.

"Crazy Tim" crossed himself, held up a wing bone toward Molly, then dropped it, and borrowed "Stupid Jim's" handkerchief to wipe the tears away.

"Wandering Jane" picked out the plums in glee, while "Idiot John" vainly begged "Happy Joe" to share his six "lucky bones" with him. "Blind Sue" nestled close to the helpful Meg, and mutely begged for a generous piece of mince pie, and old mother Wallace munched the tenderest pieces of chicken.

But good old "Christian Margaret" and Mother Crane, whose children had long ago deserted them, and put them in there out of the way, did the best thing of all.

When the last chair was moved back, the dear old white-haired Christian beckoned to them about her, and the sweet-faced praying pilgrim beside her, and kneeling softly on the floor prayed for God's blessing for time and eternity upon the dear little angels of mercy he had so kindly raised up to minister unto their needs.

Mother Crane followed with many more sweet petitions for their future, and the little girls silently wept in the doorway till the trembling voice had ceased. They whispered an earnest AMEN, and went out softly thanking God for the reward he had given them for willing labor and thoughtful hearts.

"WE can never too well know
What the seed our hands shall sow;
Whatsoe'er our sowing be,
Reaping, we its fruit must see."

For The Dayspring.

AN ACROSTIC ALPHABET.

AN apple Adam ate affected all.
Bad boys belabor brutes; bray, bully, brawl.
Cats, creeping cautiously, catch caged canaries.
Dogs, dashing daringly, do deluge dairies.
Earth's eminences eagles' eyries eye.
Foxes filch fowls from farmers frequently.
Geese gabble, gobble, grumble, — greedy gawks.
Hens hurry homeward, hearing horrid hawks.
Ink, if imbibed, inflicts internal ill.
June, joyous, joins July; Jack jumps, joins Jill.
Kamschatkadales keep kindlings, kettles, kegs.
Love lightens labor; love lends lameness legs.
Miser means miserable; meanness maims.
Niggardly nature negroes niggers names.
Out on old omens! ogres! oxen! owls!
Poultry protest! persistent polecat prowls.
Quiz quaintly, querulous quidnuncs, quiddities.
Rooks, raising rows, rend rudely reveries.
Strong Samson, shy, swift, stalwart, smites, slays, smashes;
Tells tales; to tails ties terrors; thousands thrashes;
Unjust usurpers underlings undo.
Villains vex vainly valorous virtue.
When will wild worldlings waive war's wantonness?
Xerxes! Xanthippe! Xanthus! Ximenes!
Yell, yeasty youngsters! yelp, ye young Yahoos!
Zounds! Zeno-Zoroaster-zanies? — Zeus!

C. T. B.

FLORRIE WALLIS.

FLORRIE WALLIS might have been as happy as any little girl could possibly be. Her father and mother were always ready to give her every pleasure. She was their only child, and dearer to them than all the world beside. She had a prettily furnished room, to which she could retire for study or amusement. Pictures and maps hung from the walls, a handsome desk stood by the window, and a book-case filled with choice books stood against the wall, a little way from the desk.

But Florrie was not always a happy girl.

Do you ask why? She had one fault. She thought more of her own pleasure than of the happiness of others. Every thing, even her duties, she would have give way to her present gratification. Selfishness was the cloud that sometimes gathered and shut out the sunshine from her heart.

It grieved father and mother to see that this fault, notwithstanding their efforts to correct it, rather increased. Their kind hearts had led them to take into their family Florrie's cousin, Mabel, who had been left an orphan a few months before. They could not help hoping that her companionship would have a good influence upon their daughter. Mabel was a year older than Florrie, and had a very sweet disposition. After all the sorrow that had come to her, it was a great pleasure to her to be received into her uncle's family; and her grateful heart led her to do all she could in return for the love and kindness she received.

Florrie was not sorry to have Mabel as a sister, and she did not in any way treat her unkindly; but she could not see through her self-cloud the beauty and sweetness of her cousin's character. She could not love as Mabel loved; and she always seemed to expect Mabel to fall in with her wishes; and, whenever Mabel found it impossible to do so, there was always a little coolness on Florrie's part. The worst of it was that, when Mabel sacrificed her own pleasure for Florrie's, the latter took it as a matter of course.

But patient love always wins its object at last. Florrie was on the whole a good girl. It was rather the circumstances of her life that made her selfish. A little occurrence one winter's afternoon opened her heart to Mabel, and ever afterwards the two girls grew to be more to each other, and lived together as real sisters. Mabel's influence, unconscious to herself, by degrees led Florrie out of her selfishness, much to the delight of father and mother.

The occurrence was this. It had been arranged that a few of the school-girls should have a sleigh-ride one Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Williams, a neighbor, had promised that his man should take them in his large double sleigh. These girls were all friends, and among them were Florrie and Mabel. But it happened, when the Wednesday came, that Florrie was suffering from so severe a cold that her parents decided that she would have to give up the pleasure of the ride.

This was a great disappointment to Florrie. After dinner she went up to her room, sat by her desk, and lay her head down upon it. The tears would come as she thought of the good time Mabel and the other girls were to have, while she was to mope at home alone.

By and by the sleigh drove up the yard, and stopped at the door of the house. Florrie would not even look out of the window to see the happy party, she felt so grieved. She heard the door open; and then the sound of happy voices came to her ears. All at once the voices were hushed. Then there were what sounded like expressions of sorrow; and in a minute or two the sleigh drove away. Some one came in, and closed the door.

What had really taken place, Florrie did not know. Mabel had gone out and told the girls that Florrie could not go because of her cold, and that she was going to stay at home to keep her company. The girls urged Mabel to go; but she said, though she should enjoy the ride very much indeed, if Florrie could only go, she pitied her so much that she should stay at home, and help her all she could to bear her disappointment.

When Mabel went into the house, before

joining Florrie, she went to her room to put away her things, and make ready for the afternoon at home. It was about fifteen minutes before she was ready to join Florrie.

In the mean time, Florrie determined to do the best she could to forget her disappointment. She took her book to look over her lesson in English history. The letters seemed blurred; but somehow she made out something about the landing of William of Normandy, and a great battle at Hastings. She got up and went across the room, to look on her map of England to see where Hastings was situated. Then it all came over her, what a good time the girls were having, while she was shut up in her room, poring over an old history lesson!

Florrie dropped her book, sunk to the floor, leaned her head upon her hands, and wept in real grief. Just then the door opened, some one glided in, and was immediately on the floor beside her, folding her in loving arms. At first, she thought it was her mother. But, as soon as the pitying words came to her ear, she knew from the voice that it was Mabel. She looked up through her tears in surprise, as if asking what it all meant.

Mabel explained to Florrie that she could not go to ride, and leave her at home alone and sick. She only went out to tell the girls; and then hurried to put her things in order, and came to spend the afternoon with her.

Florrie was touched by this act of kindness and sympathy on the part of Mabel as she had never been before. It brought the two girls very near together. The lessons to be learned for the morrow were soon mastered; and then there were pleasant talks, and the laying of plans for the future. The two girls were very happy; and felt, when the afternoon was over, that they had seldom enjoyed themselves better.

Florrie's mother, who went to comfort her about half an hour after the sleigh had gone, could hardly believe her own eyes when she saw the two girls in each other's arms, talking and laughing quite happily. She did not need to be told in order to understand it all. Her arms were soon around them both; and a kiss on the cheek of each told what was in her heart.

This afternoon's experience had a perceptible influence upon Florrie. She seemed to understand the sacrifice Mabel had made for her; and it was soon noticed that she had begun to desire to do things for Mabel. By degrees a new element came into her life. She grew considerate of others, and learned the "luxury of doing good." She and Mabel live together like own sisters; and no parents are happier in their children than Florrie's father and mother.

STORIES OF ST. JOHN.

IT was while St. John was residing at Ephesus that various stories were told of him which we do not find in the Bible. We cannot be certain that these stories are quite correct, therefore; but they accord with all that was known of St. John, and they agree with the letters and epistles which he wrote at that time.

One of these stories is this: There came one day to Ephesus a sportsman, who had heard so much of this wise old man that he went out of his way to see him, and his surprise was great when he found St. John engaged in gently stroking a partridge which he held in his hand. The sportsman could not help saying how surprised he was to see so great a man employed on any thing so small. Then St. John said, "What have you in your hand?" "A bow," replied the sportsman. St. John asked, "Why is it not bent?" The sportsman replied, "Because,

if always bent, it would lose its strength." "That is just the reason," said St. John, "why I play with the partridge. It is that my mind may be kept strong by not being always at work." What do we learn from this story, my dear children? We learn from it that St. John, and great and good men like him, are glad now and then to see you at play, and to play with you. We learn that kindness to dumb animals is a thing that God expects of us. There was an aged lady, very excellent, wise, and wonderfully learned, who lived to be nearly as old as St. John was when he died; she was the famous Mary Somerville, who died last year in her 92d year. A very short time before her death she said, "I hope that the time may come when children shall be taught that mercy to birds and beasts is part of religion?" Yes, it ought to be a part of our religion, and I trust that we shall make it so. Play, too, with your companions like St. John, remembering that all play and all holidays are given by God, like the unbending of the bow in the story, to help them to work better for the future.

There is another story told of St. John: When he was very old, — indeed, when he was almost one hundred years of age, — he used to be carried into the market-place, and the people, old and young, used to gather round him to hear the farewell words of their venerable teacher whom they loved so much. He would say to them, "Little children, love one another." They would ask for something else, and he would say again, "Little children, love one another." Yet they would still ask for something more, and his reply every time was, "Little children, love one another." At last they said, "Why do you always say this and nothing else?" He said, "Because this is the best thing I have to say. If you really love one another, that is all that I have to tell you." What do we learn from this? We learn that the thing St. John was most anxious to teach was love to one another. This is the love which Jesus Christ wished to see in all his apostles, old and young. Keep it on as years advance. Always bear in mind that the first thing to be done is to try to help and befriend some one else. That will make you generous and just. That will make you active and courageous. That will make you feel how wicked it is to do wrong. That will help you to do good to men when yourselves grow up to be men. That will enable you to be the better able to do good. That will enable you to love God: who can only be loved by those who love their fellow-creatures. Therefore I end this address to you as St. John ended his long life by saying, "Little children, love one another." — *Dean Stanley.*

GOD NEVER HIDES HIMSELF FROM US.

THE sun never hides himself from our view and never ceases to shine. High up in the heavens, his light is all the time undimmed and undiminished; but "mists and exhalations" rise up from "hill and steaming lake," and form clouds which hide him from our view.

So it is with the Infinite Father, the source of life and light and love.

He is unchanging and unchangeable; but the moral exhalations rising from our hearts, selfishness and all kindred passions, hide him from our view and seem to shut Him out from us.

M. L. B.

"PRESS forward to the perfect mind;
Keep thy heart calm all day,
And catch the words the Spirit there
From hour to hour may say."

FLORRIE AND MABEL.

CHARLIE AND BUFF.

BUFF is a noble dog. Charlie says he is, and says there is not a dog in the world equal to Buff.

Buff does not talk much, and has never told any one what he thinks of Charlie. But it is very clear, from the way he acts, that he thinks Charlie the best boy a dog ever had for a friend and play-fellow.

There is nothing that Buff likes better than a good game of ball. Charlie gives the ball a knock with his bat, and off it flies; and then away bounds Buff after it, catching it sometimes in his mouth, on the bounce. Back he comes with it, and drops it at Charlie's feet.

Charlie picks up the ball; and Buff stands a little one side, all ready for a spring, the instant he sees which way the ball is going. Another hit, and off goes Buff again. It has to be a pretty smart ball to get to the place where it is going to strike, before Buff does.

In this way boy and dog will sometimes have a good long game. Buff is so good a fellow he never asks to have his "in," but is willing to tend out all the time. He is wise in that; for, no doubt, he is a much better catcher than batter.

When Charlie gets tired, he leaves his ball on the ground, and leans up against old Buff to rest himself. Doggie says, All right, my little fellow, I am at your service.

Charlie and Buff are two close friends. Many are the good plays and runs they have together. There is no need of telling Charlie to be kind to Buff; for never a dog received better care.

THE PARROT AND THE CROWS.

A PARROT, red and blue and green,
Was at a farm-house often seen;
He flew about from tree to tree,
As blithe and happy as could be.

One day the crows pulled up the wheat,
And Poll, too, helped to pull and eat;
He chattered to the farmer's foes,
And did more damage than the crows.

The farmer brought his gun and shot,—
Alas for Poll's unhappy lot!
No more on high the parrot rose,
But wounded lay among the crows.

"*Bad company*," the farmer said,
As Poll was carried off to bed;
"Had you not with the crows been found,
You still had been all safe and sound."

The farmer's children came to see
How Poll had happened hurt to be;
"*Bad company*," the parrot said,
And sadly shook his injured head.

Poll soon grew well and hopped about;
But often when the children shout,
He'll perch upon the nearest tree,
And sadly say, "*Bad company*."

"Bad company," he fain would say,
"Caused me a broken head one day:
Remember this, whoe'er you be,
And ever shun bad company."

Selected.

For The Dayspring.

THE TWO STONE-CUTTERS.

TRUE stories are the best: their lessons are what we want. I will tell two stories, both about stone-cutters. One is of an old man, and nicknamed Old Mortality. He died seventy odd years ago. The other is of a young man, and in college now.

Old Mortality (Robert Paterson was his name) lived in Scotland in times when men had to be very brave to dissent from the belief of the Church of Rome. From his parents he imbibed a singular religious enthusiasm. This took a queer turn in the man's life. He so loved his own Church, the Protestant (much as ours of to-day), and so abhorred the Church of the Pope, he finally forsook his family and home, many weeks at a time, to restore and erect monuments and stones over the graves of the men who, many years before, had resisted the oppressive cruelties of a king and his soldiers, in defiance of a harsh religion. A mason by profession, educated to the use of the chisel, Old Mortality's zeal for the freedom of the religion he so much prized led him out from children and home, to offer in his simple way this honor and devotion, as interesting as it was singular. His pilgrimages at first occupied days, then weeks; going from churchyard to churchyard, taking with him stones from his quarry in Galloway to keep in remembrance the righteous whose dust had been gathered to their fathers. As his enthusiasm increased, his journeys became more frequent; and he gradually neglected the duty of providing for his offspring. Finally, he neglected wholly to return to his wife and five children, which induced her to send the eldest son, Walter, then only twelve years of age, in search of his father. After traversing over nearly the whole of the extensive district, he found him at last working on the Cameronian monuments (named for Cameron, the founder of the tenets of a sect Old Mortality strenuously supported).

Imagine young Walter in that churchyard of Kirkchrist, on the west side of the river Dee, using all the influence in his power to induce his father to return to his family! It was in vain; the mother again sent some of the younger children, girls and boys, to persuade him to return home, but without any success. No entreaty could induce him to change his erratic way of life.

Thus he travelled from one churchyard to another, mounted on his white pony, till the last day of his existence. He died near Lockerby, on the 14th of February, 1801, in the 86th year of his age. As soon as his body was found, intimation was sent to his sons; but, from the great depth of the snow at the time, the letter giving the particulars was so long detained by the way, the remains of the old pilgrim were interred before any of his relations could arrive. The good mother was long ere this forced to remove to the little upland village near Galloway, where, upon the small pittance derived from keeping a little school, she supported her numerous family in a respectable manner.

I should like to give my young friends, especially, many more curious facts about this singular man, who, for upwards of forty years, pursued this task of restoring and erecting gravestones, without fee or reward, more than the reverent satisfaction that came to his heart, of thus honoring friends and martyrs with a life-service, as impracticable in its enthusiasm as it was beautiful in its singleness of pure devotion to an ideal. I have given enough, however, to point my lesson; and in the course of your reading, in coming years, you will find his life and example set forth with the wonderful interest given to each of the immortal stories of Walter Scott; for this old

man's career suggested the famous story called "Old Mortality."

Seventy odd years have gone, and stamped upon each are records of deeds that pass into memory; to be folded up as the scroll of an aged man's life; not in loss and death, but temporarily awaiting the resurrection, as the chrysalis; and, as a whole book of life, its words and letters coming forth with a more vivid blaze, in the fresh aspiration and undying purpose of some noble boy who would enact *his* part in the great book of Possibilities, and prove the worth of another ideal. And this brings me to tell the second story, of a boy stone-cutter, who I am sure you will hear of again, in some one of the world's high places, although to-day he scarcely dreams he is perpetuating, in a nobler way, the inspired purpose of Old Mortality, through great faithfulness and amid great sacrifice, for a high ideal.

"What's in a name?" we often ask, knowing there is really nothing beyond what the worth of life and the great usefulness of life-work bring to honor it. Yet, strangely enough, this boy's name is Peckham. Finding himself compelled to begin some labor for immediate support, he decides to be a stone-cutter; and in the large yards and quarries in Quincy, Mass., he begins to learn that trade. His toil is pursued some years; his time is out; and now he may take his place beside the scores of rough hands, to *peck* on for the balance of his mortal life, if he so chooses. But he does *not* so choose. Skilled as he is in his labor thus far, and offered large pay to remain, he says, "Can I do no better work than this? Shall I continue to stand here to peck upon rough stones, possibly until I am too old to work longer? I have but very little knowledge; and with what is already earned, and some friendly aid, I can add to my trade an educated mind as well, and perhaps I may not always be obliged to do *all* the pecking." Who will question for a moment what the result will be? From this hour the *purpose* began to work. From the rough granite quarry the boy passes to his study, and from preparation to a college (I should be glad to name it); and in this coming summer of 1875 the boy stone-cutter will graduate, a man in achievement thus far, you will admit, but a man with capital in head and hands, — ready, no doubt, to contract for the stone-work of your palaces or factories, ready to peck the stone itself, if need be, and show again in the world the grand lesson we read in the "holiness of helpfulness."

From both these lives, so unlike, we learn one lesson: Enthusiasm pushed to its one aim of an all-absorbing life-purpose. The old man was as untrue to one half his obligations, where the sacred ties of home should have bound him first; but may we not pardon sometimes a wrong, the issue of a life engrossed with a great passion, where the purpose is right? If the example of the younger shows the true balance, as well as the high purpose, from *both* we learn the unfailing truth, — fix your aim, work for it, and realize it, for the honors of genius and success are *eternal*. C.

BEWARE OF THE WOLF.

You need never fear, little children, to meet
A wolf in the garden, the wood, or the street:
Red Riding-Hood's story is only a fable,
I'll give you its moral as well as I'm able, —
Bad Temper's the wolf which we meet everywhere, —
Beware of the wolf! little children, beware!

I know of a boy, neither gentle nor wise,
If you tell him a fault, he gives saucy replies;
If kept from his way, in a fury he flies, —
Ah! Passion's the wolf with the *very large eyes*;
'Tis ready to snap, and to trample and tear, —
Beware of the wolf! little children, beware!

I know of a girl always trying to learn
About things with which she should have no concern;
Such mean curiosity really appears
To me like the wolf with the *very large ears*,
All pricked up to listen, each secret to share, —
Beware of the wolf! little children, beware!

And Greediness, that's like the wolf in the wood
With the *very large mouth*, ever prowling for food,
That eats so much more than for health can be good, —
That would clear a whole pastry-cook's shop if it could, —
That never a dainty to others will spare, —
Beware of the wolf! little children, beware!

PASSION, PRYING, and GREEDINESS, each thus appears
As a wolf with fierce eyes, a large mouth, or big ears;
They bring to our nurseries fighting and fears,
They cause bitter quarrelling, trouble, and tears.
Oh! chase them and cudgel them back to their lair, —
Beware of the wolves! little children, beware!

A. L. O. E., in The Child's Paper.

"DON'T GIVE UP, BUT TRY."

A GENTLEMAN travelling in the northern part of Ireland heard the voices of children, and stopped to listen. Finding the sound came from a small building used as a school-house, he drew near; as the door was open, he went in, and listened to the words the boys were spelling.

One little fellow stood apart, looking very sad.

"Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, he is good for nothing!" replied the teacher. "There's nothing in him. He is the most stupid boy in the school."

The gentleman was surprised at this answer. He saw that the teacher was so stern and rough, that the younger and more timid were very nearly crushed. He said a few words to the lads, and then placing his hands on the brow of the little fellow who stood by himself he said: —

"One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up; but try, my boy, — *try*."

The boy's soul was aroused. His sleeping mind awoke: a new purpose was formed. From that hour he became anxious to excel. And he did become a fine scholar, and the author of a well-known commentary on the Bible; a great and good man, beloved and honored. It was Dr. Adam Clarke.

The secret of his success is worth knowing: "*Don't give up; but try, my boy, — try.*"

HUMOROUS.

WHEN you go a-fishing, be sure and "take a bite" before you start, for you may not get one after.

At an infant Sabbath school, to the care of which I was "promoted" a few years since, I gave a "Bible story," the "Prodigal Son." When I came to the place where the poor ragged son reached his former home, and his father saw him "a great way off," I inquired what his father probably did. One of the smallest boys, with his little fist clenched, said, "I donno, but I des he set de dog on him."

A wee bit of a girl in Cusco, Wis., while at the breakfast table a few mornings since, made loud and repeated calls for buttered toast. After disposing of a liberal quantity of that nourishing article, she was told that too much toast would make her sick. Looking wistfully at the dish for a moment, she thought she saw a way out of her difficulty, and explained, "Well, give me anuzzer piece and send for the doctor."

A man slightly pretentious, fond of display, and somewhat ignorant, recently called

the attention of some visitors to a showy carpet on one of his apartments, with the remark, "There, gentlemen, that is one of the best carpets *Mr. Brussels ever made!*"

A LITTLE girl on the train was asked what motive was taking her to the city. "I believe they call it the locomotive," said the little innocent.

"Now, boys, suppose twelve men divide 48 bushels of corn equally, how many is that for each?" Boldest boy: "Please, sir, we've not gone that far." "Your teacher told me you had learned all the first four rules." Boy: "Yes, sir; but we have always done our sums in potatoes or turnips: we never had any corn."

TWENTY froggies went to school,
Down beside a rushy pool;
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests, all white and clean.
"We must be in time," said they;
"First we study, then we play;
That is how we keep the rule
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,
Called the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive;
From his seat upon the log,
Showed them how to say, "Ker-chog!"
Also how to dodge a blow
From the sticks which bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast;
Bullfrogs they became at last;
Not one dunce among the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot;
Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be.
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

George Cooper.

"ON their own merits modest men are dumb."

"MANY are the sayings of the wise, extolling patience as the truest fortitude."

STORY OF A SCOTTISH SHEPHERD BOY.

AWAY among the mountains of Scotland there lived, many years ago, a shepherd and his wife with their only son, a boy about ten years of age. The cottage in which they lived was in a glen far from any public road.

One evening the boy's mother was taken very ill. It was a quiet evening in the month of December. There was no wind, but snow had begun to fall softly all around. The shepherd took down his long staff, with the intention of setting out to the village to procure medicine for his wife.

"Father," said the boy, "I know the sheep-path through the glen as well as you. Let me go for the doctor, and do you stay beside mother. With Shag, who will walk before me all the way, I am quite safe." The shepherd consented, and the boy soon set out on his errand.

He was a brave boy. He had been accustomed to the mountains from his earliest years, and had no fear.

The dog Shag went with his young master, wagging his tail and bounding along the hillside with great joy.

The boy went safely on, and at length reached the village. He saw the doctor; and, after getting from him the medicine for his mother, he started on his return home.

The snow continued to fall; but the boy went bravely on, hoping soon to reach the cottage in the glen. Shag went on before, as if to make sure at every turn of the narrow path that all was safe.

Suddenly he stopped, and began snuffing and smelling about. "Go on, Shag!" cried his young master; but the dog would not stir. "Shag, go on!" repeated the boy.

Shag seemed obstinate for the first time in his life, and at last the boy moved on

alone, heedless of the warning growl of the faithful dog. He had proceeded but a few steps, when he fell over a precipice which had been concealed by a snow wreath.

At the cottage many hours passed while the shepherd and his wife were waiting and watching for their boy's return. Since he had left, the fall of snow had been very heavy; and, though the moon was up, there was little light in the glen.

The father often snuffed a candle which he had placed in the window in the hope that his son would see it on his way up the glen. He piled wood on the fire, and spoke words of comfort to his wife, though he himself at last began to fear that something was wrong.

Often did he go to the door; but not a sound could he hear, and no figure could he see moving on the wide waste of snow.

"Perhaps the doctor was not at home, and he has waited for him," said his poor mother. She felt so uneasy at her boy's absence that she almost forgot her own sufferings.

It was nearly midnight when the well-known bark of the faithful Shag was heard at the door. "My son! my son!" cried both parents at the same moment. The cottage door was opened, and Shag entered, — but without his master.

"My poor boy has perished in the snow!" exclaimed the mother. But at that moment the father saw a small packet tied round the dog's neck. He took it off and said, — "No, our son is not dead. Here is the medicine, tied up in his handkerchief. He has hurt himself or fallen into some hollow in the glen; I must go and seek for him. Trust in God, and wait till I return."

The father was soon ready, and in an instant Shag was again on his feet, and showed unbounded joy as the shepherd left the cottage.

Alone in her mountain dwelling, the poor mother sat watching and waiting. As the snow and the wind beat around the cottage, she sometimes feared that her husband too might perish in the glen.

She felt that the lives of both her husband and her son depended on the sagacity of the dog. But she knew that God could guide the dumb creature's footsteps, and she fervently prayed to Him in her time of need.

Shag led the way down the glen; and, when they were at some distance from the cottage, he suddenly turned down a path which led to the bottom of the crag over which the poor boy had fallen.

The descent was steep and dangerous, and the shepherd was frequently obliged to support himself by holding on to the branches of some small birch-trees which grew among the rocks.

Happily it had ceased snowing; the clouds had disappeared, and the moon shone bright and clear in the sky. At last the shepherd stood near the bottom. He hallooed, he strained his eyes, but he could neither see nor hear any thing.

Shag was making his way down an almost perpendicular cliff, and the shepherd resolved at all hazards to follow him. After getting to the bottom, Shag commenced whining and scratching at an object lying among the snow. The father found it was what seemed to be the dead body of his son. But he was not dead. He was only in a stupor.

Lifting him up in his arms, he wrapped his plaid around him, and strapped him across his shoulders. With great labor he climbed again the steep ascent. He made his way as best he could to the cottage, and at last reached it with his heavy burden.

The poor boy was placed in his mother's bed, and after great exertions they aroused

him from his dangerous sleep. He was much bruised, but otherwise was not much hurt.

When he fell, Shag had descended with him; and the brave boy had used what little strength he had left to tie the doctor's packet round the dog's neck and send him home.

Shag lived at the cottage in the glen till he grew old and gray. He was loved and cared for till the day of his death, for his services on that terrible winter night.

The Children's Paper.

REVERENCE.

A PIOUS Jew, while on a journey, perceived that the hour of the evening prayer had arrived. He stopped and prayed to God. Lost in his meditation, his heart lifted heavenwards, he did not reply to a nobleman who, passing that way, stood still and saluted him. Enraged at the Jew's apparent rudeness, the nobleman waited until he had finished his prayers, and then angrily addressed him, "Wretch! why didst thou not return my salutation? I have a good mind to punish thee for thy incivility." "Friend," the Hebrew replied, "if thou wert standing before thy king and spoke to him, and one of thy friends passed thee and saluted thee, wouldst thou leave abruptly the king and turn to thy friend?" "Certainly not; I would not dare do such a thing." "Now," said the Hebrew, "judge if I have done right or wrong in not returning thy salutation. I stood before the King of kings, the Almighty Creator of the world, offering to Him my prayer of supplication, — how dared I leave him and turn to thee?" "Thou hast done well," the nobleman said: "go thy way in peace."

From the Talmud.

RESOLVE to perform what you ought, and perform what you resolve.

Puzzles.

5.

CHARADE.

Far back, beyond the ken of man,
My first began;
No living form, in any spot,
That had it not.

My second comes with early light,
And stays till night;
For true and earnest work, its call
Is heard by all.

Each sees, in every circling year,
My whole appear;
To mark for him the onward flow
Of life below.

6.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in moon, but not in stars;
My second in train, but not in cars;
My third is in wig, but not in hair;
My fourth is in rent, but not in tear;
My fifth is in song, but not in sing;
My sixth is in rung, and also in ring;
My seventh is in money, but not in dollar;
My eighth is in necktie, but not in collar;
My ninth, not in number, is yet in two;
My tenth is in white, but not in blue;
My eleventh is in garden, and also in bower;
My whole is a fragrant little flower.

MAY.

MEADVILLE, Pa.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

3. — School-house.

4. — Judas Iscariot. The words were carrot, Ida, sis, and just.

THE DAYSPRING,

(FORMERLY SUNDAY SCHOOL GAZETTE,)

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Unitarian Sunday-School Society,

(John Kneeland, Secretary)

7 TREMONT PLACE . . . . . BOSTON.

TERMS. — Per annum, for a single copy . 30 cents.
Four copies to one address . $1.00.

Payment invariably in advance.

Press of John Wilson & Son: Cambridge.